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ARISTOCRACY.

AN EPIC POEM.

—DEBELLARE SUPERBOS.

ARISTOCRACY

AN EPIC POEM



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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE favorable reception which the First Book of ARISTOCRACY has met with from an indulgent Public, encourages the Editor to proceed in the Publication ; and, agreeable to his engagement, to present the Second Book to the notice of his Fellow-Citizens. As he expected, various judgments have appeared respecting the Work ; but he is happy to observe that all have not misapprehended him. While he acknowledges, with gratitude, his obligations to some, who have been pleased to express themselves favorably of his principles and design, he thinks it his duty to declare that he has been grossly misconceived by others : and he further esteems it incumbent upon him to make known his determination not to be deterred from the exercise of, what he considers, an inalienable right, by the threatened, or actual, interference of any man ; how highly soever he may rank in the good opinion of a certain description of Americans.

PHILADELPHIA, March 26th, 1795.

ADVERTISEMENT

I have the pleasure to inform you that the first Book of Aristocracy is now in the hands of the printer, and will be ready in a few days. It is a work of great importance, and will be found to contain much valuable information. The second Book is also in the hands of the printer, and will be ready in a few days. The third Book is also in the hands of the printer, and will be ready in a few days. The fourth Book is also in the hands of the printer, and will be ready in a few days. The fifth Book is also in the hands of the printer, and will be ready in a few days. The sixth Book is also in the hands of the printer, and will be ready in a few days. The seventh Book is also in the hands of the printer, and will be ready in a few days. The eighth Book is also in the hands of the printer, and will be ready in a few days. The ninth Book is also in the hands of the printer, and will be ready in a few days. The tenth Book is also in the hands of the printer, and will be ready in a few days.

Printed by J. B. Smith, No. 123 Main Street, New York.

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ARISTOCRACY.

BOOK SECOND.

WASH'D by the tempest of the gloomy night,
Mild rose the morn, in blushing beauty bright.
Cheerful the hinds awake, from short repose,
Cheerful the city's busy swarms arose.
But, on his couch, to troublous dreams a prey,
In interrupted sleep, ARISTUS lay.
Vainly he languish'd for refreshing rest—
Unkind deserter of the anxious breast—
And vainly strove in Lethean dews to steep
Th'increasing woes of his perturbed sleep;
When now, from SATAN sent, a bolder dream,
On quivering wings, with ampler message came;
And, lightly hovering o'er th'unconscious Sage,
Made visionary scenes his mind engage.
ARISTUS saw—when lo! before his eyes,
A stately dome majestic seem'd to rise:
Wide opes the portal, wide the hall expands,
And, full in view, a sumptuous banquet stands.
Around, of various ages, different tongues,
From many doors, rush in the num'rous throngs;
And, with obeisance low, and studied phrase,
Of endless gratitude, and pompous praise,
To one, unknown, aloft, to view display'd,
The gathering crowd their uncouth homage paid.

Astonish'd at a scene so strange, the Chief
 Dar'd not withhold, yet scarce could grant belief;
 And round him look'd, with anxious doubts oppress'd—
 When thus the MAN unknown the Chief address'd.
 " Why stands ARISTUS wrapt in mute suspense?
 " Why bears he still this lethargy of sense?
 " Rouse thee ARISTUS! burst thy slothful bands!
 " Thy genius asks it, and the time demands.
 " Behold, from distant ———'s favouring realm,
 " I come, in might thy rivals to o'erwhelm.
 " By me shall Order's tyrant spells be broke—"
 The Vision vanish, and the Hero 'woke.

As when an army, far from friendly aid,
 Retiring, flee the land they dar'd invade;
 And, night succeeding night, a short repose,
 Prone on his arms, is all the warrior knows;
 What time the morning casts a doubtful gleam,
 Hear sudden burst the foe's revengeful scream;
 The loud drums beat, sonorous trumpets sound;
 Rude clash of arms, and horses shake the ground;
 Start from deluding sleep, and rush to war—
 So, from his couch, ARISTUS sprang—with fear.
 What could the portent mean? In deep amaze,
 He turns it in his mind a thousand ways;
 Doubt after doubt disturbs his labouring brain;
 And all his long conjectures prove in vain.
 At length, joy-stricken, and with glad surprize,
 " Can it be so?" the enraptur'd Hero cries—
 " O if it be, in nature's ample round,
 " Blest as ARISTUS, can there one be found?"

Scarce had he ended, when the door expands,
 And in his presence faithful Janus stands.
 " O Chief belov'd!" began the duteous slave—
 " Your kind attention let your servant crave.

" A gallant vessel, from the ——— shore,
 " The gale of eve within our harbour bore.
 " Strait to the strand our eager townsmen fly,
 " And raise to Heaven the loud, rejoicing cry:
 " The crew re-echo, and, with agile bound,
 " Spring from the lofty sides, and tread the ground.
 " Upon the distant deck, of noblest height,
 " A man majestic met our wondering sight;
 " Who, slow descending, with a splendid train,
 " Seem'd proudly pleas'd, our peaceful shore to gain.
 " ENVOY to us, we learnt, the stranger came:
 " Each breast with rapture kindled at his name:
 " Loud thundering cannon hail'd him to our shore,
 " And shouting thousands to his mansion bore;

" And, on this day, this morn, with costly care,
 " A feast fraternal for his sake prepare*."
 As one, who meets a serpent in his way,
 Stands riveted to earth, in pale dismay;
 But, slow recovering from his icy dread,
 Exclaims in rapture when he finds it dead;
 So far'd the Chief: his soul within him died,
 So near the vision with the truth allied†;"
 But, when he found his warmest hopes surpast,
 Aside the apprehensive gloom he cast;
 Bade faithful Janus from the room depart,
 And feasted on the rapture of his heart:
 Then, issuing forth, exulting in his thought,
 High on his chariot thrond, the neighbouring city fought.

Meantime, with busy care, and zealous haste,
 The people strove to build the rich repast.
 Three days of feasting all the city knew,
 Nor on the fourth to homely fare withdrew.
 But thou, O Muse, the tedious task forego
 To deck, in lofty verse, the loathsome show;
 Waste not thy powers o'er Bacchanalian boards;
 Kings be thy theme—Chiefs, Ministers, and Lords.
 Yet say, O say, when now from crowds retir'd,
 Crowds who his person gaz'd, his speech admir'd,
 What thoughts within the ENVOY's bosom dwelt,
 What hopes he harbour'd, and what wishes felt.
 Silent a while the lonely room he court'd,
 Then, from his lips, these accents, joyful, burst.

" O glorious preface of most sure success!
 " What aid unlook'd for comes, my cause to bless!
 " O fortune happier, more resplendent, far,
 " Than all the trophies of victorious war!
 " The recompence of art, how high, how great!
 " Thy art, ———, wise Minister of State.
 " Great was the project, and profound the plan,
 " The fairest empire since the world began,

* Notwithstanding the remarkable coincidence of this relation with the passage, in the speech of SATAN, noticed in the First Book, the Editor, (from the difficulty he meets with in attempting to connect these circumstances with the arrival of any Foreigner to this country) still adheres to his opinion—That they are mere poetical additions to the fact.

† Behold here a new proof of the Poet's profound knowledge of the human heart. ARISTUS, who believes neither in the existence of God, or Futurity, this very ARISTUS is terrified by a dream. An accidental resemblance between what past in sleep, and what took place in reality, shakes his soul with dread, who fears not to deny an intelligent Creator.—O mad philosophy!

" With rude division, in the midst to tear,
 " And to ourselves secure the noblest share.
 " Wonderful thought ! but Fate's severe decree
 " Withheld the blest accomplishment from thee.
 " By thee the deep foundation firm was laid,
 " And by thy hands the mighty arches made ;
 " But I, more glorious in my nation's eyes,
 " Shalt bid the superstructure reach the skies.
 " Thou, luckless Sage ! wast fated to contend,
 " And find a foe in him suppos'd thy friend ;
 " But I, more happy, see no power oppose,
 " Even those I fear'd seem chang'd, to friends, from foes.
 " Two men, at most, thy mighty plans despoil'd ;
 " While, for my sake, a nation has run wild.
 " Statesman rever'd ! from thine eternal home,
 " Behold the hour of bright success has come ;
 " Nor turn astonish'd, tho' thou chance to see
 " Thy disappointed schemes succeed with me*.
 " Thy pupil I, with all thy wisdom fraught ;
 " Taught by thy lessons, by thine errors taught.
 " Thou know'st the Statesman owns no binding rules,
 " Learnt in the precincts of pedantic schools ;
 " Nor heeds opinions which would bind his faith
 " To one sole master, one unvarying path ;
 " But, as his interest and his judgement guide,
 " Forakes the weaker for the stronger side ;
 " Abjures this hour what he maintain'd the last,
 " And mourns, in outward guise, his follies past.
 " Kings, Lords, or People, as their powers prevail,
 " Still ever find him in the heavier scale ;
 " And now, with dutious loyalty he bends ;
 " Now, seems devoted to his patrons' ends ;
 " And bellows now, among the people's friends.
 " Nor less does he conform, as best befalls,
 " To those, mid whom his fate as *Envoy* calls ;
 " A Courtier there, all frippery and grimace ;
 " Here a bald Patriot, stript of gaudy lace,
 " Cropt hair, unpowder'd, and unshaven face ;

* There is no passage, in the whole of this Poem, which has appeared more obscure to the Editor than the foregoing. The blank might readily be filled by inserting the name *Dundas*—as that is the name of a well-known Minister of State ; and moreover the disposition of the syllables is agreeable to the melody of the verse. But the apostrophe to the Spirit of this Minister (whoever he is) forms an objection to the idea of its being Mr. *Dundas*, as he is still living. On consulting a literary friend, to whom I shewed this Book, as I was preparing the notes, &c.—and stating my difficulties in attempting to solve the question—he suggested, that, possibly, a recurrence to the History of the Treaty of Peace of 1782, might afford a solution.—The reader must determine.

" His form and language fitting each extreme,
 " His good, his object—theirs, his constant theme.
 " Nor to externals is his trust confin'd ;
 " Interest more strong than flattering words can bind.
 " This well consider'd, faithfully applied,
 " Instant, what legions range upon my side.
 " Where men are free, how powerful is the press !
 " If sily gain'd, how certain is success !
 " Some proper presents to their chiefs, shall raise
 " The noisy vulgar to be loud in praise.
 " And lo ! where-e'er I move, around they throng,
 " My name and fame, the burthen of their song ;
 " Feast follows feast, and, as my voice declares,
 " Patriot or traitor, every man appears.

" O Goddess ! object of my early vows,
 " Transcendent CUNNING ! deign my cause espouse !
 " If former failures have my spirit prov'd,
 " And shewn, successless, how sincere I lov'd ;
 " If ever on thy shrine my gifts were rear'd ;
 " If ever to thy throne my prayers preferr'd ;
 " Grant me, O Goddess, in this doomful hour,
 " The blest assistance of thy favouring power !
 " O bid delusion, ignorance, and rage,
 " And rankling envy, in my cause engage !
 " So shall thy servant to thy next decree,
 " Bow the low head, and bend th'obedient knee."
 Thus spake the ENVOY—while his bosom hides
 The guile which o'er his secret thoughts presides.

With the fifth morn, his home ARISTUS sought ;
 His heart with joy, with schemes his head was fraught ;
 For, on that day, his house and social board
 Were doom'd to greet the ENVOY, by their Lord.
 He came ; the feast was spread ; the gen'rous wine
 In the cup sparkles ; all their faces shine.
 And now the Sun, declining, sought the main,
 And eve commenc'd her mild and sober reign ;
 Fled were the dishes, and the mingling fume,
 Of coffee and tobacco, fill'd the room ;
 When, from his lofty seat, the mighty MAN,
 To great ARISTUS, earnest, thus began.

" Say, noble Chief, nor deem th'inquiry bold,
 " To me, thy country's annals deign t'unfold.
 " Her wars and sufferings thro' the east resound,
 " And bear her glory to earth's farthest bound :
 " Pale Europe trembles at her growing fame,
 " And shuddering views fair freedom's spreading flame :
 " Warm'd by thy genius, France, (her fetters broke)
 " Shakes from her galled neck, the tyrant yoke ;

" And, to th'astonish'd universe declares,
 " Like you she feels, like you, for freedom, dares*.

" But of events so glorious, to inquire,
 " Would shew a careless mind, a mean desire;
 " Conspicuous and sublime, they seize the heart,
 " Nor ask assistance from th'historian's art.
 " No! rather let me learn the secret cause
 " Of what exists—of parties, systems, laws.
 " What schemes ambition, rivalry, and fear,
 " And pride, and honesty, successive rear.
 " In short, from independence, to this hour,
 " The varied history of wavering power."

" O Sage renoun'd!" ARISTUS swift replies—
 " On actions past I turn unwilling eyes.
 " The melancholy tale my grief renews,
 " Which briefly now my mournful voice pursues:
 " For, had you thrice his patience at command,
 " The fabled dweller of the Uzzian land†;
 " And were my lungs endued with triple strength;
 " They both must fail, if all were told at length.

" When now the foe had flown our fatal shore,
 " And hostile laws and arms were fear'd no more,
 " The bond of union, common danger wrought,
 " Each independent State contemn'd as nought.
 " Provincial jealousies, and personal hate,
 " Of ancient origin, and later date,
 " Hid, in the struggle for the general weal,
 " No longer could their hateful forms conceal.
 " Passions, opinions, interests, mingling, warr'd,
 " 'Till frighten'd Peace for distant flight prepar'd.
 " A passing mention, given to each, will show
 " All that is useful, at this hour, to know;

* Nothing could be more consistent with the principles on which the ENVOY acted, than this address to ARISTUS. ARISTUS, the native of a republic, and sustaining an office of high trust and dignity in the councils of that republic, would not be supposed hostile to liberty. We shall see, hereafter, with what address he discloses his real feelings; and how readily the ENVOY, once acquainted with them, adapts his language and conduct to them.

† ARISTUS, it is observable, loses no opportunity of casting contempt on all which is *commonly* deemed sacred. Such ever is the spirit of Aristocrats. Having succeeded in gaining a belief of their superiority over their fellow-mortals, they glory in despising what others venerate; and having deprived men of their rights, they audaciously would rob the Deity of his supremacy.

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" And well will point, with what succeeds combin'd,
 " To present knowledge thy discerning mind.
 " For this, great ENVOY, with attentive ear,
 " The brief, but just, enumeration hear.

" The *friends of Britain*, ere the war began ;
 " With *those*, who, fearful, from the contest ran :
 " *Men*, sore chagrin'd, their mounting wishes crost ;
 " And *Men*, who venturing all, that all had lost :
 " Honest of heart, but obstinate of head,
 " And by the craft of subtler men misled,
 " *Those*, who each State a separate State desir'd ;
 " Who thought—(their brains by wild ideas fir'd)
 " That virtue dwelt in rustic guise alone,
 " To science, arts, and polish'd life, unknown ;
 " With *those*, who hop'd, by aid of these to rise,
 " The nine-days' wonder of admiring eyes ;
 " The petty lordlings of a petty town :
 " With these, be join'd, the pedant and the clown—
 " *That*, who would go the way his fathers went ;
 " And *this*, on endless innovation bent :
 " To these more powerful partizans succeed,
 " A people's formidable foes decreed,
 " *Spirits*, once banisht the restraints of law,
 " Who but in anarchy their interests saw ;
 " And *souls*, disdaining ever to obey,
 " Who hop'd to rear an oligarchic sway :
 " All these, with subdivisions, endless, vex'd,
 " The agitated Nation long perplex'd.
 " Loud howl'd the storm ;—in each divided State,
 " Foul demons urg'd the furious work of fate.
 " TENDER, who laughs at violated right :
 " UNFUNDED PAPER, imp of stygian night ;
 " Fierce COMMUTATION, with a hundred tongues,
 " Sounding the peal of visionary wrongs ;
 " EXCISE and IMPOST, brother friends accurst ;
 " TESTS, by wild-ey'd Fanaticism nurs'd ;
 " And DEBT, the Monster, whose terrific mouth
 " Threaten'd engulphment to to the tardy South ;
 " With thousand others, whose mishapen frame
 " Still balks description, and still wants a name*.

* We observe the *Aristocrat* throughout this passage. ARISTUS gradually discovers himself to the ENVOY. *Unfunded Paper* is ranked among the plagues of a country. *Excise* and *Impost*, too, are put in the list ; but the real meaning must be shewn. ARISTUS is speaking of the times preceding the present Constitution, when an unequal *Impost* and *Excise* were levied in several of the States. This it is that excites his hate ; not that universal burthen, under which, good democrats now groan.

" While thus, from day to day, from hour to hour,
 " Dissention gather'd an increasing power;
 " The Nation's Council slighted or condemn'd,
 " Its calls unheeded, its requests contemn'd;
 " While State with State, by clashing views engag'd,
 " And selfish aims—in contests fierce engag'd;
 " And each, at home, to discord dire a prey,
 " Saw threat'ning clouds deform the beauteous day;
 " As the last project to protract their fate,
 " The *self-call'd** sages of the nation met.
 " (The pledge his honour)—whatsoever he hears—
 " Or who the speaker, ev'ry statesman swears,
 " Whate'er the import, from his friends or foes,
 " No power on earth shall tempt him to disclose.
 " O farce ridiculous! a statesman's oath!
 " A statesman's honour! shallow, shallow both!
 " This ***** proves, who held the bond so light,
 " He scarce preserv'd it for a single night.
 " Nor longer much, tho' bound by ev'ry tie,
 " Sacred in honour's and in friendship's eye,
 " The far-fam'd Sage, **'s chosen one,
 " That prince of turn-coats, peerless ***.
 " Of these enough; a different scene, erewhile,
 " Shall greet thine eye, and wake th'approving smile:
 " Nor need we fear, if e'er our purpose ask
 " Their plausive aid, to load them with the task.

" Meantime, conven'd, th'assembled nation sate,
 " And op'd, in solemn form, the grave debate.
 " Long were their toils"—" But where," the ENVOY cries,
 " Where was ARISTUS?" Swift the Chief replies—

" Exalted MAN! forgive my wounded pride,
 " Which still its sore chagrins would seek to hide.
 " O couldst thou think it?—yet, by Hell†, 'tis true—
 " Curs'd be th'occasion, and the rival too!
 " Yes—tho' as yet upon my chin appear'd
 " But youthful down, my ardent sword I rear'd,

* This seems to be a very awkward and obscure sneer upon the Federal Convention of 1787; the epithet "*self-call'd*" being equivocal, tho' designed, as I suppose, to convey the same meaning with the French expression *soi-disant*. ARISTUS, the enemy of Republicanism, would involve, in one general censure, all who favour it, in any shape.

† Profanity—another characteristic of Aristocracy: this is the second time that ARISTUS has sworn by Hell. Profanity, I have been told, was deemed by him a desirable accomplishment: nay, I have somewhere heard that he even thought it an essential part of female education.

" And rush'd to combat in my country's cause ;
 " (For thus was call'd, my passion for applause—)
 " Yet was I left, neglected, and alone,
 " While HE, capricious Fortune's favour'd son,
 " Lost be the memory of his hated name !
 " Who still precedes me in the walks of fame ;
 " Who, as I mount, still tower's above my flight,
 " With Jacob-craft*, despoil'd me of my right."

Here tears of anguish, such as, erst, in Heaven,
 When from their seats his haughty pow'rs were driv'n,
 From SATAN fell—ARISTUS shed: his rage,
 The bitter drops, slow falling, half assuage ;
 And now, in some faint sort, his calm renew'd,
 The interrupted tale he thus pursued.

" Long were their toils, their very walls within,
 " Discordant interests kept perpetual din ;
 " Systems, opinions, facts, in ferment strange,
 " Now here, now there, their several powers arrange ;
 " Those ask too much, and these too little give,
 " Some credit all, and some will none believe.
 " At length the offspring of their union'd might,
 " Bursting its prison doors, arose to light ;
 " Republican proclaim'd—tho' (half reveal'd)
 " Its robe, one badge of slavery ill conceal'd ;
 " Yet so robust of form, that all might say,
 " Such strength, with ease, could tear the badge away.—
 " And now, thro' jealousy, or fear, or hate,
 " Fierce opposition rose in many a State :
 " Furious were all, and 'mid the foremost those
 " Who at the birth had labour'd to oppose.
 " GERRY, whose alter'd mind, in one short year,
 " Led him its firm supporter to appear :
 " Poor YATES, and LANSING obstinate and warm,
 " Once prejudic'd, whose spleen no art can charm :
 " Thee, LUTHER MARTIN, whose loquacious tongue,
 " Thy State throughout, the loud alarum rung :
 " But chiefly thee, implacable of zeal,
 " Redoubted MASON ! challenger of steel !
 " With *Cutting-box*, in letters large, thy *Hand*
 " Long time spread terror thro' th' astonish'd land.—
 " Nor with less fury fresh opponents rose,
 " Foes to itself, or to its framers foes ;
 " Some, long since, steep'd in dull oblivion's stream,
 " And some, still known to memory by name.
 " A few, by changing, or by constant hate,
 " Yet held aloft, and rank'd among the great.—

† An early religious education supplies ARISTUS with numerous
 Scripture allusions ; yet observe how careful he is to shew his contempt
 for the principles in which he was instructed, by his parents.

" But these to name would ampler time demand ;
 " The event, well known to every distant land,
 " Asks not the detail, nor requires the care"—
 " But where," the ENVOY cries, " ah tell me where !
 " Where was ARISTUS ? Which contending side
 " Chose thee its guardian, genius, glory, guide ?"

" O MAN rever'd !" —the Hero swift return'd—
 Red were his eyes, his cheeks with anger burn'd ;

" Silent, at home, neglected, I remain'd ;
 " Nor added fortunes, nor distinctions gain'd."

" And what the cause ?" the ENVOY quick demands.
 Solemn, ARISTUS lifts on high his hands—

" Were not my prospects dress'd in livelier hue,"

He cries, " I well might bid a long adieu,

" A lasting farewell, to all craftful aid ;

" Craft then to ill, my numerous cares repaid.—

" Silence, I hop'd, whate'er th'event should prove,

" Would still secure me either party's love.—

" Alas ! by each distrusted or abjur'd,

" I long their hate or their neglect endur'd.

" Thanks be to CUNNING, whose returning aid,

" Again has rais'd me, from misfortune's shade ;

" Firm in my cause a numerous host allied,

" Their guardian I—their genius, glory, guide.

" But turn we now—behold, with wond'ring eyes,

" From Chaos' realms, a realm well order'd rise ;

" An Empire organiz'd now starts to birth ;

" A Phoenix, mid the empires of the earth.—

—" Curst be the hour ! forever curst the day !

" Annual, thou Sun, withhold thy gladsome ray !

" Vanish ye stars ! thou moon, thy beams deny !

" And let substantial night begloom the sky !—

—" Those most abhorr'd ; detested by my soul,

" Arm'd with fresh power, the western world controul :

" HE, to whose love a rival was preferr'd ;

" And HE, the rival who my progress barr'd ;

" Out-step'd me first, and all my after days,

" In camp and forum, bore away the praise.

" From hence, great ENVOY of a people kind,

" Thou see'st confirm'd my doubtful, wavering mind.

" Hopeless the summit of that power to gain,

" Which, with such care, I labour'd to obtain ;

" Behold me now the foremost to oppose,

" Leagued with the deadliest of its constant foes.

" Deep rankling in my breast, to grief a prey,

" My hated rival's high advancement lay :

" Should chance remove him from his lofty place,

" And, (what I wish'd) my name the title grace,

" Still would the memory of his earlier fame,

" Blast all my joys, and tarnish all my name.

" What then remain'd ? What purpose, project, plan,
 " Might bow the statesman, and disgrace the man ?
 " Could I, superior, o'er my rival rise,
 " Next to his Patron in the people's eyes—
 " Then might I hope the Empire's highest seat ;
 " Then see my rival humbled at my feet ;
 " The utmost object of my vows be found :
 " And pride, ambition, and revenge, be crown'd.
 " But, if successless, with redoubled might,
 " Each marshal'd band should urge th'unceasing fight,
 " Till, tottering, from its base, the Fabric fall ;
 " Destruction's giant mace demolish all ;
 " While from the ruins, our invigor'd sway,
 " Should rear an oligarchic dome to mock the day.

" Such resolutions working in my breast,
 " Disturb'd my days, my nights depriv'd of rest ;
 " For now my soul no glittering prospect cheer'd,
 " Nor blissful presage of success appear'd ;
 " Fancy's gay pictures far and farther fled ;
 " Damp't were my transports, almost hope was dead.
 " But then, when sinking 'neath increasing woes,
 " Nor chance seem'd left of triumph o'er my foes,
 " Effulgent, from his cloud, the sun of joy
 " Burst—and, with dazzling glory, thro' the sky,
 " Urging his beauteous and resplendent way,
 " Dispell'd the mists of grief that long obscur'd my day.
 " Nor think, *Gay Traveller* of our sober shore,
 " Fancy's fond dreams I spread thine eyes before ;
 " But mark, from hence, events how wondrous spring,
 " And to thy aid unnumber'd forces bring :
 " Yes, to thy aid, if silent thou, and bold,
 " Firm in our cause thy riper purpose hold.

" Well order'd, now, intelligent, discreet,
 " The new-form'd Councils amicably meet ;
 " Mutual indulgence, mutual candour, shine ;
 " And gentlest temper, more than half divine.
 " Wide spread the tidings, ecstacy and love
 " Grow strong, and little jealousies remove.
 " Dumb were opposers, stopt the slanderous mouth ;
 " The North was silent, silent was the South ;
 " Deep in her cavern, PARTY, with her train,
 " Sunk, in despair her empire to regain.

" Hark ! what dread sounds the startled ear arrest ?
 " Lo ! what fell forms the Councils fierce invest !
 " Loud roars the fearful din ; around,
 " The walls with clamor and with rage resound ;
 " Full in the midst, aloft see PARTY rear
 " Her hateful form,—and lo ! her train appear !

" O * * * ! thou lost, thou wretched man !
 " Thou who wast form'd on Nature's amplest plan !
 " Thy mind with learning's richest treasures fraught ;
 " And made more rich by thy energetic thought :
 " Thou on whose voice a listening nation hung,
 " Blest but to hear the accents of thy tongue ;
 " Whose grateful hearts with earnest wishes beat,
 " To see thee deck their empire's highest seat ;
 " Who thought no gift too mighty for thy worth,
 " And deem'd thy country blest to give thee birth ;
 " Who, at each eve, at each returning morn,
 " Ask'd Heav'n thy life with glory to adorn ;—
 " O most unhappy ! what disastrous force,
 " Far from the right impell'd thy devious course ?
 " What envious dæmon urg'd thee to destroy
 " Thy growing hopes, a people's growing joy ?
 " Say, what infernal what malicious fiend,
 " With hellish arts divorc'd thee from thy friend ;
 " And, from thy heart, in one detested day,
 " Rent honour, truth, and happiness, away ?
 "—Aw'd by his genius, by his fame outshone,
 " A blow so dire, with glory, I might own ;
 " Have triumph'd in his pain, and rose more bright,
 " At his declining and enfeebled light :
 "—But thou, who every saint, (if saints there are),
 " Had heard unending, changeless, friendship swear ;
 " Who each returning eve, each daily sun,
 " With him beheld, in council, action, one ;—
 " Sure on thy face should sit enduring shame,
 " Remorseful anguish shake thy guilty frame,
 " And infamy eternal blast thy name.

" Now hope reviv'd, and hence-increasing power
 " Marks our swift progress to the present hour.
 " Once, to their force, so great a leader found,
 " At home rever'd, and through the realm renown'd,
 " Aside th'opposers their concealment threw,
 " And fir'd with tenfold rage the war renew.
 " But HE, from whom their hope and courage flow'd
 " Not yet in open opposition glow'd ;
 " The veil of candour still conceal'd his aim ;—
 " Candour his once—and well establish'd fame :
 " Timid of heart, implacable of soul,
 " Long, o'er his speech, his fears maintain controul.
 " But lo, from Europe, now a Chief returns,
 " Within whose breast undaunted courage burns ;
 " Who, with the force with which his mind conceives,
 " To his bold thoughts the aid of action gives ;
 " And, well instructed in the courtier's art,
 " Pursues, remorseless, a determin'd part.—
 " Now friends increase, and see, in every state,
 " Where nought but fulsome praise was heard of late,

" The groaning prefs discharge its factious load,
 " And spread its venom'd slanders all abroad.—
 " Drawn from his hole, unwilling SINBAT see,
 " Lur'd by the golden treachery of a fee ;
 " His *Master's* spirit guides his venal prefs ;
 " His prose stalks forth in starch and pompous drefs ;
 " Soft tinkling rhimes with leaden lustre glow ;
 " And froth and calumny the land o'erflow.

" Swift from my prospect now the clouds withdrew,
 " And future glories open'd on my view ;
 " Nor did I fail to bless the bounteous day ;
 " But well resolv'd to brook no more delay,
 " I tried each art, each known expedient us'd,
 " Here favours offer'd, terrors there infus'd ;
 " 'Till from his seat, an absent rival thrown,
 " I found the hard-earn'd dignity my own.
 " Hence a kind presage of success I drew ;
 " More firmly fixt my purpose to pursue.
 " Still to be gain'd superior power appear'd ;
 " When he should fear me, whom I long had fear'd :
 " But yet no system gave our scatter'd bands
 " The strength which every arduous task demands ;
 " Scarce to each other were the leaders known,
 " Or yet their interests deem'd alike, and one.
 " Mark then, while I the secret source disclose
 " Whence the first compact of our forces rose.

" Thrice had the Sun his annual circuit trac'd
 " And half of his remaining distance pass'd,
 " Whose hop'd completion brings the joyful day,
 " The sure renewer of expiring sway.
 " Think, thou exalted, thou attentive, SAGE,
 " What fears, what wishes, in my bosom rage :
 " Each artifice I us'd, employ'd each plan,
 " That e'er was practis'd, or devis'd by man ;
 " Yet was I forc'd my warmest wish to hide,
 " Delay's soul-piercing injury abide ;
 " And all my power, and all my art, to bend,
 " A wretch I loath'd and hated to befriend."

Here paus'd the Chief : with grief and rage oppress'd ;
 Deep sighs convulse his swelling, labouring breast ;
 Tears fill his eyes : but shame, and native pride,
 Aid him in silence his distress to hide ;
 A feeble smile his countenance illum'd,
 While thus th'unfinish'd story he resum'd.

